

THE GLOBE-REPUBLICAN.

GLOBE-REPUBLICAN PRTG. CO., Pub.

DODGE CITY, KANSAS.

KANSAS ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Benedict, Wilson county, holds an "Old Settlers' day on Wednesday, September 10.

Five new buildings of the insane asylum at Parsons will be completed by January 1.

The Kansas legislature will be asked to provide for the examination of threshing machine engineers.

Lane university at Leecompton, has started upon its 37th year with an unusually large number of students, both new and old.

Miss Ida Scott, of Hays City, was burned to death from the explosion of a can of oil from which she was pouring oil upon a fire.

Thomas Black, of Valley Center, was unloading lumber and ran a silver into his hand. Lockjaw resulted and the case became serious.

Wm. Tuell, a farmer near Maize, was unloading straw and fell off his wagon on an upturned pitchfork, and almost bled to death.

Miss Nellie Richards of Ottawa was dangerously burned while using either kerosene or gasoline for kindling the fire in a cook stove.

The attendance of the reunion of the Southwestern Veterans' association at Dodge City was the greatest in the history of the association.

All the car hogs coming to the Wichita market are extra and of good weight. The wagon deliveries are also better than they have been.

Mount Vernon cemetery at Atchison, now contains the remains of a United States senator, a governor and a chief justice of the supreme court.

Edward Hopkins, a Prisco brakeman, was shot by a robber while on top of a car in a moving train east of Wichita. His wounds are serious.

Judge W. T. Bland, of the Atchison district court, has tendered his resignation to take effect October 1. He leaves the bench to wholesale druggs.

Congressman Jackson is probably forced to quit work in his campaign for re-election by his broken leg. His right leg is broken just above the ankle.

The Missouri Pacific had two freight wrecks which caused delay, although they were not serious. One was on the Kiowa branch and one near Topeka.

It is stated that there were about 6,000 people attending the log rolling at Fort Scott of the Woodmen of the World. Twelve bands were in the parade.

During the maneuvers to be held at Fort Riley this month all captains of the K. N. G. will receive \$3 a day; lieutenants, \$2; first sergeants, \$1; musicians, 88 cents; corporals, 60 cents; privates 52 cents.

In the many years that John Seaton has represented Atchison county in the legislature he never has had opposition enough to make his campaign interesting until this time, when Bailie Waggoner is giving him a warm race.

The roadmasters of the middle division say that the Santa Fe is in the worst kind of need of men to do section work. Although agents are at different towns trying to get workers, it is almost impossible to hire any. There is much need of work along the line now in cutting weeds and repairing the track, preparing for winter when little work can be done.

Fred Beeler, of Jewell county, began mowing and stacking his alfalfa three weeks ago and has been at it ever since and now the first side of the field he cut three weeks ago is ready to cut again. He now has 600 tons in the stack.

Almost together Hutchinson had two Sunday fires—the McDemmed mill and elevator and a residence. The inside of the mill was burned out and the loss on machinery is over \$2,000. The loss on the residence and contents was another \$2,000.

The Rock Island will send three excursion trains from Kansas and Oklahoma to the national G. A. R. reunion at Washington on October 6-11. The three trains will be made up at Topeka, Herington and Oklahoma.

The Missouri Pacific has established a rate on hay of 22½ cents per hundred pounds on carload lots to Colorado common points, from all points in Kansas. This gives Kansas shippers Missouri river rates while formerly Kansas shippers had to pay 2½ cents more than river rates.

T. C. Jones, a retired attorney of Chanute, who had lived there 32 years, died in Michigan, where he was staying with his son for his health. He was one of the founders of Tioga, which became a part of Chanute.

The principal of a Pottawatomie county public school wants the legislature to raise the age limit of school teachers. He thinks a boy or girl of 16 is in direct competition with those who have spent years in preparation for school work and that their employment has reduced teachers' wages.

Labeite county molasses mills have started grinding.

A burlesque bull fight is arranged for the Wichita carnival.

Kansas City, Kas., receives \$5,000 a month from saloons contrary to law.

Dr. G. H. Hoxie, of Lawrence, takes Dr. Williston's place at Kansas university.

A board of trade has been organized at Wichita with David Heenan as secretary.

The new federal building at Kansas City, Kas., was formally opened on September 1.

Thomas Black, of Valley Center, died from lockjaw caused by a splinter in his hand.

Farmers of Shawnee county are losing alfalfa crops on account of scarcity of farm help.

W. J. Berryman, of Lincoln county had a foot cut off by a mowing machine. He may survive.

Mrs. Mary Longwell and her daughter were chloroformed and robbed in their own home in Wichita.

The Santa Fe's Topeka shops have fitted up two wood burning locomotives for the Orient railway.

Orient trains will be running into Wichita in the last week of September over the Missouri Pacific tracks.

The 46th annual meeting of the Kansas River Baptist association was held at Manhattan ending last Sunday.

Baxter Springs had 26 passenger trains every day to handle the reunion crowds; 12 carded trains and 14 specials.

Near Ottawa a horse in pasture backed up to a wire fence and at a flash of lightning had both hind legs broken.

The reunion of the Twentieth Kansas at Burlington was interfered with by rain. General Metcalf spoke; General Funston failed to arrive.

Contract for the Carnegie library building at Ottawa has been let for \$11,910; not including the heating and plumbing, which was let for \$1,783.

Ex-Governor S. J. Crawford has been gathering for thirty years data from which he expects to write a history of the Indian tribes who have lived in Kansas.

In one day the recruiting station at Topeka received 31 applications for enlistment. They were from 15 to 18 years old. Not more than half of them will be accepted.

An excursion of soldiers to Abilene on pay day occurred because of a boycott upon Junction City brought on by the electric line charging 10 cents fare from the Fort Riley.

Charles H. Barnes, formerly of Atchison, Marshall county, is now chief clerk of the Manila penitentiary, at a salary of \$1,400 a year, and is next for promotion to assistant warden.

Robert Bright, secretary of Chancellor Snow at Kansas university, of which school he was a graduate, died at his home in Fort Scott on September 10. He was recently married.

So many army officers and soldiers stationed from time to time at Fort Leavenworth have married Leavenworth girls that the place is called the mother-in-law of the U. S. army.

The farmers of Meade county have subscribed \$15,000 for the founding of a Baptist college in that county. The educational board of the Baptist church proposed to put up \$30,000 if the farmers would subscribe \$15,000.

The Rock Island, according to rumor, will establish a round house and repair shops at the Barton car works north of Wichita, to be reached by the proposed new branch from Hutchinson to connect with their southern line at that place.

Elmer Coffey, of Peoria, Franklin county, was gored by a bull and received injuries that may prove fatal.

Since 1889, 42 boys and 97 girls have been graduated from the high school at Fredonia, nearly every one of whom are now filling good positions as teachers, bookkeepers, clerks, farmers, seamstresses, station agents, merchants, ministers, a lawyer, a doctor, a mail clerk and an editor. The Citizen sums up his mention with: "There is not a professional loafer among the entire number of graduates."

A Brown county man has taken two complete threshing outfits to North Dakota to finish his season's work. This is the second season he has threshed in that state. He took over 25 men with ten teams.

The Dickinson county high school opened with an enrollment of 170, the largest enrollment for the first day for ten years.

St. Francis hospital at Wichita is having another addition built which, with laundry machinery to be placed in it, will cost about \$5,000.

The Heckaman family of Harvey county held a reunion and had five generations represented. The great-grandfather is 90 years old.

Fred L. Benedict died of typhoid fever at Chanute. He was 22 years old and was well-known in the grain trade, operating with his father, Charles E. Benedict.

H. P. M. Bear, superintendent of the Wellington schools, has purchased a paper out in Roswell, N. M. Bear was a member of the Kansas state text book commission.

Maubikeck, the Lion-Tamer.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS,
Author of "Jack Robbins of America," "In the China Sea," "Two Gentlemen of Hawaii," "On a False Charge," Etc.

Copyright, 1895, by ROBERT BOWEN & SONS.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

The time had come for me to take Mutterelli into my confidence. I examined the door, making sure that it was closed, and that any person passing in the hall could not overhear our conversation. Mutterelli, who sat near a window, smoking a cigarette, looked at me in surprise.

"I am going to tell you something, Mutterelli," I said, smiling at his surprised look, "and I want to make sure that no one can hear me but you."

"You need not fear," he replied. "I do not think, signor, that there is another person in the hotel who speaks English."

"Very good. Now, to begin, Mutterelli, I must tell you that I have not come to Sardinia to hunt moulton. In fact, I don't care a sardine whether there are any moulton here or not."

Mutterelli opened his eyes wide and puffed harder on his cigarette.

"It is a lady, signor," he said—"an affair."

"It is a lady," I replied, "and a good deal of an affair. Now listen. There is somewhere in the island of Sardinia a man whom I must find. I have reason to believe that he has lived here some years. You may have heard of him. His name is Maligni."

"Maligni!" exclaimed Mutterelli, leaping to his feet. "The prefetto! You came here to find Maligni? Maligni! He is the prefecto! The governor of the province of Cagliari! The most powerful of the Sardinian judges! The head of the Order of Our Lady, the strongest order in Italy of the Catholic Church. You came to Cagliari to find him! He owns you while you are in Cagliari!"

This was startling. Mutterelli gazed at me as if I was a maniac. He certainly looked like one.

"There may be other Malignis," I said. "The name is not an uncommon one, is it?"

"There is but one family Di Maligni," he replied. "Their estate is about ten miles from here, on the northern Boulevard. It is the finest country seat in Sardinia. It belongs to the prefetto, who, although he has his legal residence in the castle, and is there every day, spends most of his time with his family in his country villa. There were two brothers Di Maligni, and the prefetto is the elder. The other is in America. He is not rich like the prefetto."

"That's the man I am after," I said. "Pacho Maligni, showman. He was in America, but I have reason to believe that he is now in Sardinia. He has in his possession a young woman about whom there is a great mystery. To solve this mystery I have pursued him here. To enable me to attain my object it is essential that I obtain possession of a certain red box that was given to Pacho Maligni by this girl's father on his deathbed. I believe that in that box were papers or other things throwing some light upon the birth of the girl. The man was an Italian. But she is not, and that is the mystery I want to get at."

Mutterelli shrugged his shoulders.

"You are in love with the young lady, signor?" he said.

"No," I replied. "I am not, though she is lovely enough for any man to fall in love with her. But I am already in love with a young lady of New York, but I cannot marry her until the mystery of the red box is solved."

"But what about this young signorina?" he asked. "You will not attempt to take her from Pacho Maligni?"

"She must be rescued from the clutches of this Maligni at all hazards!" I replied emphatically. "I have sworn by the memory of one I loved her, and whom she loved, now dead, although she does not know it, to rescue her, and, if my suspicion is correct, restore her to that position in life to which she belongs."

"And the name of the signorina?" asked Mutterelli.

"Nita Barliotti."

Mutterelli smoked an entire cigarette before he answered. I sat and looked out of the window, giving him all the time he wanted to study the matter.

Finally Mutterelli shook himself and heaved a great sigh.

"Well," I said, "what do you think of it?"

"It is dangerous," he said, slowly.

"Of course it is dangerous. In fact it is more dangerous than even you imagine. This Maligni has an enormous unknown to me, who has made one attempt on his life, and may make another. Maligni will, of course, be constantly on guard, even though he may fancy himself secure in his brother's house. Yes, it is dangerous."

"But how will you begin, signor?" asked Mutterelli.

"I shall begin by leaving the details of the beginning to you," I replied. "You understand these Italian houses, and you can bribe the servants. I don't care how much money you use, if you only succeed. You must arrange for me to meet Nita Barliotti alone—at her window or in her room—or any place where I may speak to her without interruption. Then you must arrange for me to see Pacho Maligni in his private apartments, without his seeing me or knowing that I am there. I want to study the situation and try to obtain the box,

its contents and the girl at the same time."

"It is difficult," Mutterelli said. "Difficulties may be surmounted. The greatest difficulties in our way will be prying servants. A little gold well used will do much."

"But how much money are you willing to have me use?" asked Mutterelli. "You say you don't care how much I use. But I don't know what you really mean. It might require ten thousand lire."

I figured for a moment. A lira is about twenty cents in our money. I also studied Mutterelli. I knew that he could be depended upon if the price were sufficiently high. And I was determined to succeed at any cost.

"I'll tell you what I will do, Mutterelli," I said. "You have heard what I want you to do. Now, if you bring all those things to pass successfully, I will pay you twenty-five thousand lire. You may use what portion of it you like in bringing the plans to a successful termination, and keep the rest."

"Twenty-five thousand lire?" he gasped. "Signor, it is a fortune in Italy."

"It will be yours the day you enable me to do what I have said."

"Signor, it shall be done," said Mutterelli, lighting another cigarette, a pleased smile playing over his features. "One can do much in Sardinia with twenty-five thousand lire."

Thinking that I had already made a good beginning in securing the services of so valuable a man as Mutterelli, and in getting him enlisted in my service against Maligni, I followed him to the dining-room where a smiling and sycophantic host made things very comfortable, and, like all his class throughout Europe, devoted his entire attention for the time to worming some good money from my pocket into his.

CHAPTER VII.

That evening Mutterelli was missing. He had quietly informed me that he would be gone all night, and intimated that he might have something to tell me in the morning. I did not like the new aspect of affairs since I had learned that Maligni's brother was the prefetto. But I was not daunted. I had come so far, and nothing would deter me from pushing my plan to a successful termination or utter defeat.

With this determination I went to bed.

In the morning I had my breakfast, and, strolling out on the broad piazza, met Mutterelli coming up the steps.

"Ah, signor, good morning," he said, smiling.

"Good morning, Mutterelli," I returned. "Did you enjoy a pleasant evening?"

He looked at me in a significant way, and led me to a far corner of the piazza, where, in the seclusion afforded by huge pillars and matted vines, we could talk without molestation.

"I spent a very pleasant evening, signor," he said, his voice low and full of meaning. "I have learned something."

"And what have you learned?" I asked, eager for news of any kind.

"Pacho Maligni is now in his brother's house—the guest of the prefetto. Nita Barliotti is there also, and is, to a great extent, kept a prisoner."

"Of course, I could have told you that," I answered. "He would not give her a chance to escape."

"And preparations are being made at the villa for a great event, signor," said Mutterelli.

"Ah! What is it?"

"To-morrow the wedding of Nita Barliotti and Pacho Maligni is to take place."

"To-morrow!"

"To-morrow. The closeness of the time is evident in the great pleasure to be seen in Maligni's face, and the great sorrow to be seen in Nita Barliotti's. She does not love him, signor."

"Love him! No, she loathes, hates and fears him. But this wedding must be allowed to take place, Mutterelli."

My guide shrugged his shoulders.

"How will you prevent it, signor? It is in the prefetto's house."

"Prefetto or no prefetto, that wedding shall never take place. I must see Nita to-day."

"To-night. I have arranged."

"You know the ground. Could it be made possible for Nita to escape and to accompany us away from the grounds?"

"Yes, signor—accompany you. While you are talking to the signorina I will not be seen by you. I will be Mutterelli, your guide, then. You understand, signor?"

"You will visit the villa in disguise, and carry out your plans—and mine—under Maligni's own roof?"

"That is it, signor."

I grasped his hand.

"You are a true friend, Mutterelli," I said. "It is gratifying to find a man so ready to assist who is willing to face the danger, and also able to plan the affair. I thank you."

Mutterelli laughed.

"You have yourself named the price, signor," he said. "Is there anything to be done to-day?" I asked. "I ought, perhaps, to take a look at the place and get my bearings in daylight."

"True, signor. I have arranged. We will start at noon."

After dinner we stepped out on the piazza. A closed carriage, drawn by two small but sturdy Spanish horses, stood at the curb.

"Come," said Mutterelli; "it is ours."

He spoke a few words to the driver, and opened the door for me to enter. I stepped inside. He slammed the

door, taking a seat beside me, and the carriage rattled away.

After an hour of smooth rolling on a Sardinian stone road, we came to a halt before a small white inn almost concealed among the trees.

"Come, signor," said Mutterelli, stepping from the carriage.

I followed him into the inn, and he led me up a flight of stairs to a room in the rear. Taking a key from his pocket, he unlocked the door. Inside was a collection of garments—part of hunting garbs—uniforms, grotesque jackets, trousers, leggings. Two guns stood against the wall.

"What the deuce is all this, Mutterelli?" I asked in surprise.

"It is part of our plan, signor. You wish to view the country near Maligni's country villa. If you went there as you are now, you would attract attention. On the road past Maligni's many moulton hunters pass. We are now moulton hunters. Do you understand, signor?"

"I begin to," I said.

Mutterelli smiled, and began at once to change his clothing for some of the picturesque Sardinian garments that he had provided. I followed suit. When I had finished I was clad from my feet to my thighs in leather leggings. A red and black velvet jacket fitted over my shoulders and waist. A more or less faded and dirty sash went around my waist over the jacket. A three-cornered hat, with a small plume in it, replaced my own comfortable tourist cap. Mutterelli was attired in a similar fashion.

Mutterelli took up the two guns and handed one to me.

"But where is the ammunition?" I asked.

"I don't need any ammunition," replied Mutterelli. "These guns are only for show, to make us look like other people who will pass. Come, our horses are waiting."

At the door we found two horses, saddled, and Mutterelli mounted one, leaving the better looking one of the two for me.

Leaving the inn, we rode out into the smooth road and started toward the north. In a short time we came to a fine villa surrounded by a high wall of rock, the gate of which was a splendid work of massive masonry. There were signs of activity about the place. Workmen hurried here and there. Two priests, clad in somber garments that completely enveloped them, walked slowly from the house toward the gate, their shaved heads under their broad hats bobbing and nodding as they conversed.

Mutterelli gave me a few minutes in which to drink in the beauties of Sardinian nature.

"That is Maligni's villa, signor," he said, pointing to the fine estate I had noticed.

"Ah!" I replied. "Then that is where the showman has Nita Barliotti in concealment?"

"That is the place, signor. Let us move on a little, lest those priests see us and remember our faces. I am not a Sardinian, signor. There are priests in Sardinia who are good and holy men; there are others."

He said this with a shrug of his shoulders that was very expressive.

"This is a fine estate in the valley," I said, pointing to a villa and spacious grounds not very far from us. "But it looks neglected. It is a sin to let a place like that go to ruin."

Mutterelli frowned, and muttered something that sounded like a curse.

"That place is the Villa di 'Ihorlano,'" he said. "It is a fit example of the peculiar condition of Sardinian politics."

"An Italian robbian in disgrace?" I asked.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Devised for Sunday School Children by Italian Socialists.

The city of Reggio Emilia, whose administration has passed into the control of Socialists, has adopted the following ten commandments for school children to memorize:

"Love thy schoolmates, for they will be thy co-workers for life."

"Love knowledge, the bread of intellect. Cherish the same gratitude toward thy teachers as toward thy father and mother."

"Make every day thou livest the occasion for some good and beneficial deed; always sow the seeds of kindness."

"Honor good men and true women, esteem all men as equals, bend thy knee to no one."

"Do not bear hatred to anybody; don't insult people. The word revenge shall not be in thy vocabulary, but stand up for thy rights and resist oppression."

"Don't be a coward; stand by the weak and respect and love justice."

"Remember that all goods of this world are the products of labor. Whoever takes the good things of this world without giving their equivalent in labor robs the diligent of their just dues."

"Exercise thy mind; observe and think and try to ascertain the truth of all things. Believe in nothing mysterious in nothing unreasonable; use no deception either toward thyself or others."

"Do not assume that to be patriotic one must hate other nations or glory in war. War is a relic of barbarism. Let it be thy purpose in life to hasten the day when all men, as free citizens of a free state, live in peace and happiness, in true brotherhood."

Components of Fresh Air.

Fresh air contains about three parts of carbonic acid in 10,000, respired air about 41 parts, and about five parts will cause the air of a room to become "close."

Bad blood and indigestion are deadly enemies to good health. Burdock Blood-Bitters destroys them.

A dog fancier could give you pointers but he would rather sell them.

A little life may be sacrificed to a sudden attack of croup if you don't have Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil on hand for the emergency.

Earrings are still the fashion with telephone girls.

THE SURGEON'S KNIFE

Mrs. Eckis Stevenson of Salt Lake City Tells How Operations For Ovarian Troubles May Be Avoided.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered with inflammation of the ovaries and womb for over six years, enduring aches and pains which none can dream of but those who have had the same experience. Hundreds of dollars went to the doctor and the druggist. I was simply a walking medicine chest and a physical wreck. My sister residing in Ohio wrote me that she had been cured of womb trouble by using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and advised me to try it. I then discontinued all other medicines and gave your Vegetable Compound a thorough trial. Within four weeks nearly all pain had left me; I rarely had headaches, and my nerves were in a much better condition. I was cured in three months, and this avoided a terrible surgical operation."—Mrs. ECKIS STEVENSON, 250 So. State St., Salt Lake City, Utah.—\$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine.



MRS. ECKIS STEVENSON.

Remember every woman is cordially invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham if there is anything about her symptoms she does not understand. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.

CITY ADVANTAGES